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Prof. Gates cannot be acquitted on either charge: witness many sentences and words such as "envisaging," "awareness," "teen," "subdual."

GEORGE CLIFTON EDWARDS.

NEW ITALIAN JOURNEYS.

ITALIAN CITIES. By E. H. and E. W. Blaishfield. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

For every lover of Italy, particularly for every lover of Italian art, these volumes are a pure delight. America has made no worthier contribution, unless it be Mr. Berenson's admirable little volumes on the "Painters of the Italian Renaissance." But Mr. and Mrs. Blaishfield have an advantage over Mr. Berenson in a charming literary style that makes the reading of their book a pleasure and not a study—a style flexible, vigorous, and entirely suited to the subject, finished enough for the most exacting, yet thoroughly comprehensible to plain people, with none of those superrefined affectations that make Mr. Maurice Hewlett's "Earthworks out of Tuscany" so delightful to some and so exasperating to others.

In the great majority of cases artists are cultivated only in their eyes and hands. They can see things with what in "Trilby" is so aptly called a "prehensile eye," and can represent them faithfully; but in general culture and in a knowledge of art history they are sadly deficient. This is particularly so with the artists of continental Europe. They paint with immense cleverness, but their works too often suffer from a want of intellectual interest.

The artists of England and America have more frequently been cultivated men; and whether in culture or artistic skill, Mr. Blaishfield has had no superior among us. The emblematic figures that adorn the dome of the new Congressional Library have made him universally known as the foremost decorative artist of America, and the edition of Vasari's "Lives of the Painters" which he and his accomplished wife issued in conjunction with Mr. Hopkins gave them a very high rank among the students of Italian art. But while

the notes, which make that the most valuable of all the editions of Vasari, disclosed the range and accuracy of their information, the necessarily condensed form precluded any display of literary skill.

In the present volume they show that they are completely at home with their subject. They see Italy with the "prehensile eyes" of the artist; not the Italy of back yards and unwashed linen that attracted Mr. Howells, but the glorious Italy of the past, that Italy of the Renaissance, which was so brief and yet so fruitful that, after filling every museum with its masterpieces, it has retained at home a bewildering profusion of unapproachable works. They see in Italy its palaces and churches, its painting and its sculpture, not the beggars that encumber its streets nor the lazzaroni who sleep upon its quays; and their converse is with the giants of the past, not with the pygmies of the present.

Of course when an artist writes about Italy, especially an artist who has so nobly continued the grand traditions of Italian decoration, his first thought is for its art. So our authors make many luminous observations on Italian painters, and their studies of Il Sodoma, Mantegna, and Raphael as a fresco painter are particularly illuminating. In his "St. Sebastian" Il Sodoma has given us the most beautiful youth in all the range of art, in his "Christ Bound to the Column" the most poignant and heartrending of all the pictures of the Man of Sorrows. The greatest masters have produced nothing finer; but the average of Sodoma's works is so much lower that it drags him down to a level far beneath the greatest. Mr. Blaishfield understands the man and his temperament as only an artist could, and makes us understand him in our turn.

The chapter on Raphael as a fresco painter is invaluable to the student of art. After a life spent in the decoration of walls with pictures in which the search is for ideal beauty, Mr. Blaishfield is qualified as few are to study the frescoes of Raphael, which he justly considers as unsurpassed, perhaps unequaled, among the master's works; and his observations upon them are highly instructive.

His treatment in the chapter on Mantua of the art of Mantegna, the reëvoker of the art of Rome, the stern, powerful draughtsman of the Renaissance, who painted as if he were engraving upon copper, is a most lucid presentment of the subject; while his fine enthusiasm for Correggio, in an age when Mr. Ruskin has made it the fashion to sneer at that amazing genius, is wholesome and refreshing, and marks a distinct return to sanity of judgment.

But not half the volumes are devoted to art. Their interest is as much picturesque and historical as artistic. The presentation of the old life of Florence and Siena, so intense, so turbulent, so passionate, and yet so strangely fruitful in enduring works and memorable deeds, is particularly attractive and vigorous.

Both collaborators write so well and so much alike that one cannot say which contributed any particular chapter; but I like to think that the beautiful and sympathetic description of the interior of a modern Italian convent is from the lady's pen.

G. B. ROSE.

ART BIOGRAPHIES.

GREAT MASTERS IN PAINTING AND SCULPTURE. *Luini and Perugino*, by Geo. C. Williamson; *Velasquez*, by R. A. M. Stevenson; *Del Sarto*, by H. Guinness; *Signorelli*, by Maud Cruttwell; *Raphael*, by H. Strachey; *Crivelli*, by G. McNeil Rushforth; *Correggio*, by Selwyn Brinton; *Donatello*, by Hope Rea; and *Il Sodoma*, by Countess Priuli-Bon. London: George Bell & Sons. \$1.75 per volume.

MONOGRAPHS ON ARTISTS. *Durer, Van Dyck, Holbein, Raphael, Rembrandt*, by H. Knackfuss. Translated from the German. New York: Lemcke & Buechner. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50 per volume.

For the first time the lives of the great artists are made accessible to Anglo-Saxon readers in compact form, suitably illustrated, and at a moderate cost. The old series of "Artist Biographies," if it was ever adequate, has long been out of date. Indeed, any work produced before Morelli inaugurated what has well been called the "detective" school of art criticism, is antiquated. He and his followers have ransacked every European gallery, and, through that patient comparison of details which the photograph has made possi-